

Miller's Goin' for to Die

MILLER'S GOIN' FER TO DIE 4136 B2 (?) 49 A1

Jim Hurlburt Visalia, 1940

There was an old miller He's a goin' fer to die When he died he made his will When he died he made his will Three old baskets, one on the mill.

He called up his oldest son Son O son my life's most done Son O son my life's at stake And I want you to tell me the toll you'll take.

Dad O Dad my name is Heck Dad O Dad my name is Heck Dad O Dad my name is Heck An' out a that bushel I'll take a peck.

Son sich a toll no man can live Son sich a toll no man can live Son sich a toll no man can live And by such terms you'll get no will.

Tum-a-fract-i-riddle Tum-a-fract-i-ay Tum-a-fract-i-riddle Tum-a-fract-i-ay Tum-a-hoo-di-iddle-i-day

He called up his next oldest son Son O son my life's most done Son O son my life's at stake And I want you to tell me the toll you'll take.

Dad O Dad my name is Ralph Dad O Dad my name is Ralph Dad O Dad my name is Ralph And out of that bushel I'll take a half.

Son such a toll no man can live Son such a toll no man can live Son such a toll no man can live And by such terms you'll get no will

Tum-a-fract-i-riddle Tum-a-fract-i-ay Tum-a-fract-i-riddle Tum-a-fract-i-ay Tum-a-hoo-di-
iddle-i-day

MILLER'S GOIN' FER TO DIE

He called up his youngest son Son O son my life's most done Son O son my Life's at stake
And I want you to tell me the toll you'll take.

Dad O Dad my name is a brave and a bonny boy All I take it is my joy And all your riches i
do like - I'll take the corn and sell the sack.

The old lady shouted and she howled and cried The old lady shouted and she howled and
cried The old lady shouted and she howled and cried And the old man kicked up his heels
and died.

Turn-a-fract-i-riddle Tum-a-fract-i-ay Tum-a-fract-i-riddle Tum-a-fract-i-ay Tum-a-hoo-di-
iddle-i-day.